

FIFTY-FIRST SEASON.

THE
Handel and Haydn Society,
WILL PERFORM
HANDEL'S ORATORIO,
JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

AT THE
BOSTON MUSIC HALL,
On SUNDAY EVENING, NOV. 19th, 1865.

Assisted by the following Eminent Vocal Talent:

Miss J. E. HOUSTON; Miss ANNIE CARY,
Mr. JOHN FARLEY, Mr. STEPHEN SOMES,
Mr. F. RUDOLPHSEN;

TOGETHER

WITH A FULL ORCHESTRA, AND THE
GREAT ORGAN.

CARL ZERRAHN;.....Conductor.

B. J. LANG;.....Organist.

TICKETS, \$1.00 EACH, (With Secured Seats.)

Doors open at 6 o'clock. Oratorio will commence precisely at 7.

E. L. BALCH, Printer, 34 School Street.

JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

PART I.

OVERTURE AND INTRODUCTION.

(Descriptive of the mournful feelings of the people of Israel at the loss of their leader, Mattathias, with the recollection of his heroic deeds.)

CHORUS.

Mourn, mourn ye afflicted children the remains
Of captive Judah, mourn in solemn strains,
Your sanguine hopes of liberty give o'er,
Your Hero, Friend, and Father is no more.

REC.—MR. SOMES.

Well may your sorrows, brethren, flow
In all th' expressive signs of woe;
Your softer garments tear,
And squalid sackcloth wear;
Your drooping heads with ashes strew,
And with the flowing tear your cheeks bedew.

REC.—MISS HOUSTON.

Daughters! let your distressful cries
And loud lament ascend the skies;
Your tender bosoms beat, and tear,
With hands remorseless, your dishevell'd hair;
For pale and breathless Mattathias lies,
Sad emblem of his country's miseries.

DUET.—MISS HOUSTON AND MR. SOMES.
From this dread scene, these adverse powers,
Ah! whither shall we fly?
Oh! Solyma! thy boasted towers
In smoky ruins lie.

REC. (Simon.)—MR. RUDOLPHSEN.

Not vain is all this storm of grief,
To vent our sorrows gives relief!
Wretched indeed! but let not Judah's race
Their ruin with desponding arms embrace.
Distractful doubt and desperation
Ill become the chosen Nation,
Chosen by the Great *I Am*!
The Lord of Hosts, who still the same,
We trust will give attentive ear
To the sincerity of prayer.

AIR.—MISS HOUSTON.

Pious orgies, pious airs,
Decent sorrow, decent prayers,
Will to the Lord ascend, and move
His Pity, and regain His Love.

CHORALE.

O Father! whose Almighty pow'r
The Heavens, and Earth, and Seas adore,
The hearts of Judah, thy delight,
In one defensive band unite.—

FUGUE. *Allegro.*

And grant a leader bold and brave,
If not to conquer, born to save.

REC. AND AIR.—MR. RUDOLPHSEN.

I feel the Deity within,
Who the bright Cherubim between
His radiant glory erst displayed;
To Israel's distressful prayer
He hath vouchsaf'd a gracious ear,
And points out Maccabæus to their aid;
Judas shall set the captive free,
And lead us on to victory!

AIR.

Arm, arm, ye brave, a noble cause,—
The cause of Heaven, your zeal demands,
In defence of your nation, religion and laws,
The Almighty Jehovah will strengthen your
hands.

CHORUS.

We come! We come! in bright array,
Judah, thy sceptre to obey.

REC. AND AIR. (*Judas*).—MR. FARLEY.

'Tis well, my friends; with transport I behold
The spirit of our fathers, fam'd of old
For their exploits in war! O! may their fire
With active courage you, their sons, inspire;
As when the mighty Joshua fought,
And those amazing wonders wrought,
Stood still, obedient to his voice, the Sun,
Till kings he had destroyed, and kingdoms
won.

AIR.

Call forth thy powers, my soul, and dare
The conflict of unequal war;
Great is the glory of the conquering sword,
That triumphs in sweet Liberty restored.

DUET.—MISS HOUSTON AND MISS CARY.

Come ever smiling Liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund train,
For thee we pant, and sigh for thee,
With whom eternal pleasures reign.

CHORUS.

Lead on, lead on, Judah disdains
The galling load of hostile chains.

REC. (*Judas*).—MR. FARLEY.

So will'd my father, now at rest
In the eternal mansions of the blest;
"Can ye behold," said he, "the miseries
In which the long insulted Judah lies?
Can ye behold the dire distress,

And not at least attempt redress."

Then faintly, with expiring breath,—
"Resolve, my sons, on liberty or death."

We come; O see thy sons prepare
The rough habiliments of war,
With hearts intrepid and revengeful hands,
To execute, O sire! thy dread commands.

TRIO AND CHORUS.—MISS CARY, MR. SOMES
AND MR. RUDOLPHSEN.

Disdainful of danger we'll rush on the foe,
That thy power, O Jehovah, all nations may
know.

REC. (*Judas*).—MR. FARLEY.

Haste we, my brethren, haste we to the field,
Dependent on the Lord, our strength and
shield.

CHORUS.

Hear us, O Lord! on Thee we call,
Resolved on conquest, or a glorious fall.

PART II.

CHORUS.

Fall'n is the foe! so fall thy foes, O Lord!
Where warlike Judah wields his righteous
sword.

REC., DUET, AND CHORUS.—MISS HOUSTON
AND MR. SOMES.

Sion now her head shall raise;
Tune your harps to songs of praise.

REC. AND AIR.—MISS HOUSTON.

O let eternal honors crown his name;
Judas first worthy on the rolls of fame.
"He put on the breastplate like a giant,
And girt his warlike harness about him.
In his acts he was like a lion,
And like a lion's whelp roaring for his prey!"

AIR.

From mighty kings he took the spoil,
And with his acts made Judah smile;
Judas rejoiceth in his name,
And triumphs in her Hero's fame.

DUET AND CHORUS.—MISS HOUSTON AND
MISS CARY.

Hail Judea, happy land,
Salvation prospers in his hand.

REC. (*Messenger*.)

O Judas! O my brethren!
New scenes of bloody war in all their horrors
rise!
Prepare, or soon we fall a sacrifice
To great Antiochus; from the Egyptian coast,

(Where Ptolemy had Memphis and Pelusium
lost,)

He sends the valiant Gorgias, and commands
His proud victorious bands
To root out Israel's strength, and to erase
Every memorial of the sacred place.

REC. AND AIR. (*Simon*).—MR. RUDOLPHSEN.

Be comforted! nor think these plagues are sent
For your destruction, but for chastisement;
Heaven oft in mercy punisheth, that sin
May feel its own demerits from within,
And urge not utter ruin; turn to God
And draw a blessing from his iron rod.

AIR.

The Lord worketh wonders his glory to raise,
And still as he thunders, is fearful in praise.

REC. AND AIR. (*Judas*).—MR. FARLEY.

My arms! against this Gorgias will I go,
The Idumean Governor shall know
How vain, how ineffective his design,
While rage his leader, and Jehovah mine.

AIR.

Sound an alarm! Your silver trumpets sound,
And call the brave, and only brave, around,
Who listeth, follow to the field again,
Justice with courage is a thousand men.

CHORUS.

We hear the pleasing dreadful call,
And follow thee to conquest; if to fall,
For Laws, Religion, Liberty, we fall.

JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

REC.—MISS HOUSTON.

No more in Sion let the virgin throng,
 With wild delusion pay their nightly song
 To Ashtoreth yclep'd the Queen of Heaven;
 Hence to Phœnicia be the goddess driven!
 Or be she with her priests and pageants hurled
 To the remotest corner of the world,
 Ne'er to delude us more with pious lies.

CHORUS.

We never will bow down
 To the rude stock or sculptured stone;
 We worship God, and God alone.

REC. (*Messenger.*)

From Capharsalama, on eagle wings I fly,
 With tidings of impetuous joy.
 Come Lysias, with his host arrayed
 In coat of mail; their massy shields
 Of gold and brass flashed lightning o'er the
 fields;
 While the huge tow'r back'd elephant display'd
 A horrid front; but Judas, undismay'd,
 Met, fought and vanquished all the rageful
 train.

CHORUS. (*Sopranos and Altos.*)

See the conquering Hero comes,
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;

Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
 Songs of triumph to him sing.

DUET. (*Sopranos.*)

See the Godlike youth advance,
 Breathe the flutes and lead the dance;
 Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,
 To deck the Hero's brow divine.

GRAND CHORUS.

See the conquering Hero, &c.

TRIUMPHAL MARCH.

CHORUS.

Sing unto God, and high affections raise,
 To crown the conquest with unmeasured praise.

DUET.—MISS HOUSTON AND MISS CARY.

O lovely Peace, with Plenty crown'd,
 Come, spread thy blessings all around.
 Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn,
 And valleys smile with wavy corn.

AIR. (*Bass.*)—MR. RUDOLPHSEN.

Rejoice, O Judah! and in songs divine,
 With Cherubim and Seraphim harmonious join.

CHORUS.

HALLELUJAH. AMEN.

